

BRITISH OFFENSIVE EXTENDED TOWARDS LENS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1917

One Penny.

BACK HOME AFTER "THEIR
BANK HOLIDAY."

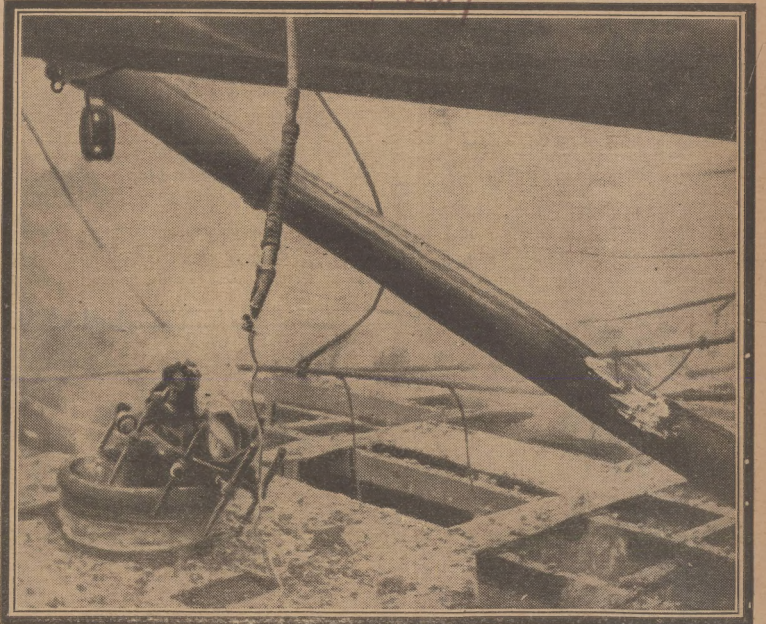
TURKEY'S 'CRACK' GUNBOAT DESTROYED
IN A FIGHT ON THE TIGRIS.



A stretcher case arriving at a London hospital.



The Marmariss as she appeared after she had been in action with the British flotilla.



A view of the vessel's damaged deck, showing all that was left of the mast. She is still burning.

The river flotilla has played an important part in our advance on the Tigris. They shelled and silenced land batteries and destroyed the enemy gunboat Marmariss, which the Turks thought was more than a match for anything we could bring against them.



A cigarette is the fighting man's greatest solace.

"It's a Bank Holiday of it," said the soldiers before going into the dawn of Easter Monday. It is this humour which leaves us a sealed book to the Boche.

ROAD TO VICTORY IN ONE WORD—"SHIPS."

Premier and America's Entry Into War.

"THE SEAL TO FREEDOM."

How the U.S. Will Help to Roll Up Hindenburg's Line.

"I can see peace coming now, not a peace which will be an endless preparation for strife and bloodshed, but a real peace which this old world has never known."

Thus declared Mr. Lloyd George in a speech which he delivered yesterday at the Savoy Hotel as the guest of the American Luncheon Club. Mr. Page, the American Ambassador, presided, those present including Lord Derby, the Lord Chancellor and General Smuts.

Points in the Premier's speech were:—
The advent of the United States into this war gives the final stamp and seal to the character of the conflict, which is a struggle against military autocracy throughout the world.

It would have been a tragedy for mankind if America had not been at the Peace Conference with all the influence, power and right which she was now winning for herself.

The road to, and the guarantee for, victory was in one word, "Ships"; a second word, "Ships"; and a third word, "Ships".

It would be worth America's while to study the blunders which we had made during the last three years.

Strange things had happened in this war, and stranger things were to come.

To-day we were waging a devastating war; to-morrow—not, perhaps, a distant to-morrow—war might be ended for ever from the category of human crimes.

The two great facts which clinched this struggle as a struggle for freedom and liberty were the fact that America had come in and the Russian revolution.

"Europe, after enduring this for generations, made up its mind," declared the Premier, "that at last the Hindenburg line must be drawn across the legitimate frontiers of Germany herself."

I am in the happy position of being, said the Prime Minister, the first British Minister of the Crown who, speaking on behalf of the people of this country, could salute the American nation as comrades in arms. (Cheers.)

UNBROKEN TRADITION.
The United States of America has a noble tradition which has never been broken, and that is of never being engaged in a war except for liberty. (Cheers.)

This is the greatest struggle for liberty that they have ever embarked upon.

The fact that the United States of America has made up its mind finally makes it abundantly clear to the world that this is a great fight for human liberty.

They naturally did not know at first what we had endured in Europe for years from this military caste in Prussia. It never reached as far as the United States of America.

Prussia is no democracy. The Kaiser promises that it will be a democracy after the war. I think he is right.

But Prussia not merely was not a democracy, Prussia was not a State. Prussia was an army. (Hear, hear.)

It had great industries and a great educational system; it had its universities; it developed its sciences. All were subordinate to the one great, predominant purpose of a conquering army to intimidate the world.

MADE THE KAISER DRUNK.
The army was the spear point of Prussia; the rest was merely the haft. This is what we had to deal with in these old countries. It got on the nerves of Europe. They knew what it all meant.

The Kaiser, when he witnessed it on a grand scale of reviews, got drunk with the sound of it. He delivered the law to the world, as if Potsdam was another Sinai and he was uttering the law from the thunderclouds.

But make no mistake. Europe was uneasy. Europe was half intimidated. Europe was anxious. Europe was apprehensive.

We knew the whole time what it meant. What we did not know was when the moment would come.

This is the menace, this is the oppression from which Europe has suffered for fifty years. That is the state of things we had to encounter. The most characteristic of Prussian institutions is the Hindenburg line. (Laughter.) That line has been drawn in Europe for fifty years.

American ships were sunk without warning. American subjects were drowned without apology, as a matter of German right.

At first America could hardly believe it. They could not think it possible that any sane people could behave in that manner, and they tolerated it once. They tolerated it twice, until at last it became clear that Germany really meant it, and then America acted promptly.

The Hindenburg line was thrown over the shores of America, and the Americans were told that they must not cross it.

America said: "What is this?" They said: "This is our line, beyond which you must not go." And America said: "The place for that line is not the Atlantic, but the Rhine." (Loud cheers.)

We mean to help you to roll it up. (Loud cheers, and a voice: "They have started.")

I have been asking myself the question, Why did I go deliberately in the third year of the war to provoke America to its declaration and to this action?

The answer has been afforded by General Hindenburg himself in a remarkable interview. He decries clearly upon one or two things that the submarine campaign would have destroyed international shipping to such an extent that England would have been put out of business before America was ready.

In the alternative, when America was ready with its army at the end of twelve months, it would have no ships to transport that army to the field of battle.

SHIPS SPELL VICTORY.

The road to victory, the guarantee of victory, the absolute assurance of victory is to be found in the one word "ships." (Applause.)

With that quickness of apprehension which characterizes your nation I see that they fully realise that, and to-day I observe that they have already made arrangements to build 1,000,000 tonners for the Atlantic.

I think that the German military officers must already begin to realise that this is another of the tragic miscalculations which is going to lead them to disaster and ruin.

America has helped us to win the battle of the sea. This great people have made the guns which destroyed the German trenches and shattered the barbed wire.

It was a great day when the military autocracy of Prussia challenged the great Republic in the West. We know what America can do, and we also know that now she is in it she will do it. She will wage an effective and successful war. There is something more important.

THE COMING PEACE.

America is going to win the right to be at the conference table when the terms of peace are being settled.

That conference will settle the destiny of nations, the course of human life, for God knows how many ages. (Cheers.)

I can see a peace, not a peace that is merely a beginning of war, not a peace which will be endless preparation for strife and bloodshed, but a real peace as the world, the old world, has never had.

It has never had peace. It has been rocking and awaying like the cork, and Europe poor Europe—has always lived under a menace of the sword. But when this war began two-thirds of Europe were under autocratic rule.

It is the other way about now, and democracy means peace. (Cheers.)

SNOW FOR 31 DAYS.

Prolonged Winter Causes Great Inconvenience to Farmers.

Snow, rain and sunshine succeeded each other yesterday morning, and in the Thames Valley snow fell for the tenth consecutive day.

The rain for April already exceeds 1.62 inches, the average for the full month, and in many parts of the country farmers are unable to proceed with the sowing of corn.

For the thirty-first day in succession snow fell in North Yorkshire. The country roads are blocked and snow ploughs are at work.

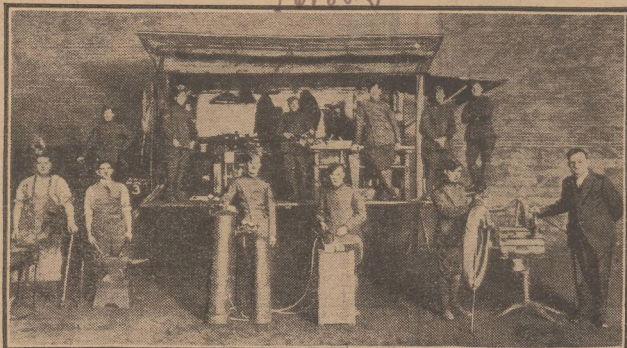
In Devonshire there was a blinding snow-storm on Wednesday night. The prolonged winter is serious for the farmers, many of whom are finding winter keep almost exhausted, and the pastures are as yet bare of grass, while much of the ploughing for the corn crops is still undone.

£12,000,000,000 LOST.

Expert's Estimate of the Effect of War on World's Shipping.

Something like £12,000,000,000 sterling was the estimate of Mr. N. White, the chairman of the General Steam Navigation Company, of the general shipping losses of the world caused by the war.

The effect of these losses would be to cripple all countries for many years to come, he predicted.



Experienced mechanics are being recruited in Canada to reinforce the Royal Flying Corps at the front.

MORE FOES FOR HUNS.

Other South American Republics to Follow Brazil's Example.

ARGENTINE VESSEL SUNK.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Thursday.—It is confidently stated in diplomatic circles here that the remaining South American Republics will shortly follow the example of Brazil.

It is stated that Spain will take charge of German interests in Brazil.—Reuter.

Other news received yesterday of the Argentine State is as follows:—

Cuba.—French Premier congratulates Government on declaration of war against Germany.

Brazil.—German Minister to leave on April 13. Argentine.—No pronouncement of neutrality to be made, declaration supporting attitude of the United States being considered sufficient at present.

Costa Rica.—Endorses President Wilson's declaration of war against Germany, and is ready to prove it if necessary.

Chile.—Has declared neutrality, but may follow example of Brazil.

Guatemala and Peru are expected to join Cuba and Panama on the side of the United States.

Uruguay.—The rupture of relations between Uruguay and Germany is expected. Uruguay has commenced mobilisation. The frontier on the Brazilian side has been closed in order to prevent any incursion of Germans from the State of Rio Grande do Sul.—Wireless Press.

A Wireless Press message states that an Argentine fishing vessel has been sunk by a German submarine. It is thought that the Argentine Government may break off relations with Germany.

THIEVING PIRATES.

How a Captain Threw a German Officer Out of His Cabin.

CHRISTIANIA, Thursday.—Frequent complaints have been made here against German submarine commanders of stealing private property from ships sunk by them.

In the course of the inquiry into the sinking of his ship the St. Oras on March 14 Captain Duf declared that he discovered a lieutenant from the submarine pilfering in his cabin.

He threw the officer out, but later found the cabin doors forced and several objects stolen. To-day an official report from Berlin states that the German submarine commander denies this story.

The second mate, a Finn named Leino, is in Christiania, and declares that he himself saw the Germans take away from the vessel a quantity of private property.—Reuter.

"I AM A HOME RULER."

Dramatic Declaration by Professor of Trinity College.

A remarkable speech was delivered at the Irish National Teachers' Congress at Dublin yesterday by Professor Culverwell, of Trinity College, a leading education authority.

"Where Sir Edward Carson began conducting his political agitation in Ulster I was gradually becoming a Home Ruler," said the professor, "and I believe there were a number of Irish members of Parliament who were in the same box, but now I will announce publicly that I am a Home Ruler."

A deputation from the Irish Conference Committee formed to induce the Government to assemble a representative Irish body which would draft a Home Rule scheme waited upon Mr. Duffe yesterday.

He discussed the Irish situation at considerable length. The deputation included Lord Montague, Sir Algernon Coote, Bart., Mr. Dermot O'Brien, Mr. Sergeant Sullivan and Professor French (Trinity College).

CLUB WITH 6,000,000 MEMBERS.

Wonderful Home for Soldiers and Sailors.

3,000 EGGS A DAY.

"The club with 6,000,000 members—the greatest in the world."

That was how an official of the Union Jack Club, which held its annual meeting yesterday, described it to *The Daily Mirror*.

It is a wonderful claim, but a very just one, for the Union Jack Club is unique in its membership.

It is the town club of every soldier and sailor in the British Army and Navy—"his very own"—where "Tommy" or "Jack" feels just as much at home and independent as his officer in the service clubs of Pall Mall and Piccadilly.

The remarkable institution in Waterloo-road is called "the bright spot of Waterloo-road"—locally—is really one of the sights of London.

There is such a coming and going of men there as at no other institution of the kind in the whole capital.

It is there that one may make the acquaintance of the sailor home from the Fleet and the soldier fresh from camp and the trenches.

It is there that service men rest and fraternise and find their every need anticipated, amid surroundings that are suggestive of a first-class hotel.

Many thousands use it daily. Yesterday morning, while *The Daily Mirror* was in the club, a whole battalion of men on their way to the front via Waterloo looked in for a couple of hours.

800 SLEEPING GUESTS.

"The club is really the heart of the Navy and Army," remarked Major Wilkinson to *The Daily Mirror*.

"You get the perfectly natural man here—the sailor and soldier away from gun-deck and barracks and discipline."

Nearly 250,000 members used the sleeping accommodation of the club and its annexes during the past year.

On an average 800 beds are occupied every night, and frequently the number is well over 1,000.

But the kitchen is perhaps the supreme test of the utility of the club. There surely are few, if any, club kitchens in London that can boast so arresting an output.

For instance, some 3,000 eggs and over one ton of sugar are consumed every day, while the number of meals served last year in the dining-room alone totals over 500,000, and this irrespective of meals at night and light refreshments.

'GREATLY EXAGGERATED'

"I think it is extremely hard on you and me that we should be all labelled as black sheep because of the sins of the few," said Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, referring to the allegations about the conduct of soldiers in the Waterloo-road, at the meeting of the Union Jack Club yesterday.

"The men of the Army and Navy are not yet a troop of saints, but I am convinced that the majority of them behave like men."

Colonel Sir Edward Ward, who presided, said, after dealing with hundreds of thousands of serving men, he felt bound to state without hesitation that the statements which had been made were greatly exaggerated, and that the behaviour of these young men on a holiday, after great privations and hardships, was remarkably good.

SPAIN ANGRY WITH HUNS.

"Very Grave Situation" Caused by U Boats, Says Premier.

The sinking without warning of the Spanish steamer San Fulgencio (1,538 tons) has caused much indignation in Spain. The ship was laden with coal, and bound for England.

The Government have sent a strong Note of protest to the German Government against the torpedoing of the ship without warning.

A Reuter telegram received yesterday from Madrid says that Count Romanones, the Premier, declares the situation has become too much so to call it a crisis.

"Threatened from all sides by the war, by external and economic difficulties, by sacrifices with our people," he said.

"MASTERY"

Opening an air service to London yesterday, said a good many of the people were foolish of the air.

Command, or mastery, existed. All we could do was to be a little superior to the ever our Army had to do it would not be German aeroplanes.

RAILWAY DISPUTES

A settlement has been effected between the railway executive and the railway workers with respect to a war bonus.

The basis of the settlement is a advance of 5s. a week.

BRITISH OFFENSIVE EXTENDING TOWARDS LENS

Two Important Positions Captured North of the Vimy Ridge—Prisoners Taken.

OUR TROOPS ASTRIDE THE RIVER SOUCHEZ.

Hostile Attacks Driven Off with Heavy German Losses—Fine French Gain North of Soissons.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Thursday.

11.37 A.M.—The weather continues to be wet and stormy.

Early this morning we attacked and captured two important positions in the enemy lines north of the Vimy Ridge astride the River Souchez. A number of prisoners were taken by us.

During the night two hostile attacks upon our new positions on the northern end of the Vimy Ridge were driven off by our machine-gun fire with heavy German losses.

Some progress has been made south of the River Scarpe.

OUR MEN OCCUPY 1,000 YARDS OF TRENCH.

Reuter's special correspondent at Headquarters telegraphed yesterday:—

The latest news this morning is that we have occupied about 1,000 yards of trench running south from the Commandant's house to the southward of Farbus Wood, and have cleared the ground to the bank of the Cojeul River.

We have also occupied a German trench running south-east from Neuville Vitasse and taken Hill 90, which lies about south-east of Wancourt.

Between Croisilles and the River Scarpe our troops captured eleven more guns in the course of yesterday's fighting.

The Germans are offering a desperate resistance to our heavy pressure.

Time is now required to get forward the big guns and make good the communications before attempting another great stroke in the battle of Arras.

[The River Souchez runs through the town of that name towards the south of Lens, joining the Canal de Haute d'Hule in the region south of La Bassée. The river is less than two miles from Lens.]

FRENCH PUSH FOE BACK BRINGING UP THE GUNS INTO COUCY FOREST. INTO NEW POSITIONS.

Large Number of German Dead—More Trenches Won. A Pause in the British Advance Regarded as Probable.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Between the Somme and the Oise the artillery struggle continued during the night with a certain amount of violence, notably in the region of Urvillers.

South of the Oise our troops after an artillery preparation attacked the German positions east of the line Coucy-Ville-Quincy Bassée.

After a lively fight we pushed the enemy back as far as the south-western edge of the upper forest of Coucy.

Several important support points fell into our hands, in spite of the resistance of the enemy, who left a large number of bodies on the ground, while prisoners also fell into our hands.

In the region north-east of Soissons artillery activity and patrol encounters occurred, particularly in the sector of Laffaux.

North of the Aisne our reconnaissances penetrated at several points the German lines and brought back forty prisoners, including an officer.

East of Sapignieu a lively attack enabled us to drive the enemy from the few elements of trenches which he was still occupying since April 4. Our line is now completely re-established.

In Champagne enemy raids in the sector of Ville-sur-Tourbe and the Butte-du-Mesnil were repulsed by our fires and cost the enemy some losses.

In the Woëvre during a raid carried out by us on the German lines north-east of Remenauville we inflicted appreciable losses on the enemy.

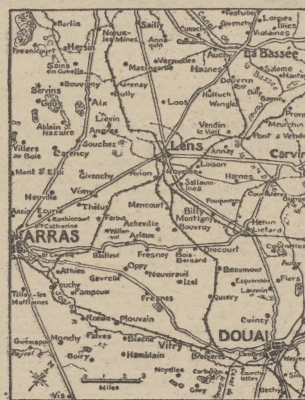
There were patrol encounters south-west of Lantray.—Reuter.

(The region of the French advance is roughly nine miles north of Soissons and eleven miles west by south of Laon.)

AMERICA'S WOODEN WALLS

Mr. Wilson, the American President, has requested Colonel Goethals to take charge of the construction of the thousand wooden vessels which are to be built.

It is believed that by the autumn 200,000 tons of the new shipping will be launched per month.—Central News.



The British have captured important positions astride the River Souchez, which runs to Lens.

TURKS' LOSSES AT GAZA NOT LESS THAN 8,000.

British Mounted Troops Continue to Make Captures.

CAIRO, Thursday.—British mounted troops in the region of Gaza continue to make captures, and the number of prisoners is steadily increasing.

Recent action has resulted in the occupation of enemy territory to a depth of fifteen miles and the consolidation of a strong position dominating Gaza.

The British casualties were very slight in comparison with the success achieved.

Some small detachments actually penetrated into the town of Gaza, and in the fog became isolated from the main body, but the majority of our gallant men, after inflicting heavy losses, succeeded in rejoining their units, though 150 men are still missing.

A large proportion of the slightly wounded are remaining on duty.

The enemy's total losses are now estimated at not less than 8,000.

Our casualties in killed are less than 400.—Reuter.

HUGE GERMAN BRIBE TO MEXICAN TROOPS.

Americans Abolish Speculation in Butter and Eggs.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—The El Paso Federal industrial bureau has discovered that two million dollars have been sent, chiefly through the El Paso banks, to Mexican troops by the Germans.—Exchange.

Washington, Thursday.—All married men, widowed or otherwise, as well as those having dependents, have been ordered to leave the National Guard.

The railroads have decided to offer the Government all possible facilities, including 2,250,000 freight cars, engines, etc.—Wireless.

CHICAGO, Wednesday.—Speculation in butter and eggs has been abolished by the Butter and Egg Board as a patriotic duty, and all rules covering dealing in these commodities for future delivery have been abrogated.—Reuter.

GERMAN GENERAL AND HIS UNFINISHED REPORT.

How British Surprised Him When Writing for Reinforcements.

PARIS, Thursday.—M. Marcel Hutin, writing in the *Echo de Paris*, says:—

The general commanding the 17th Bavarian Infantry Division happened on the morning of the 9th to be engaged in drawing up a short report asking the Crown Prince Rupprecht for reinforcements. But he had no time to finish his note, for the barrage and rifle shots of the British firing round his shelter told him in unmistakable terms that his note, if he did not finish it, would probably find its way to the British General Headquarters.

In a fit of rage he tore up his rough draft report, while simultaneously some British 'Tommys' entering the shelter, politely invited him and his staff to follow them.

With rage in his heart the general obeyed, for he really had no option. This incident is of enormous significance, for it indicates the extent of the Germans' surprise on the first day of the Arras-Vimy battle.—Exchange.

GERMANS BUSY WITH NEW PEACE INTRIGUE.

Negotiations in Denmark—Revised Terms.

BULGAR OVERTURES?

COPENHAGEN, Wednesday.—The *Politiken* reproduces reports which have been circulated in foreign newspapers that representatives of the German Socialists of both groups and Russian Socialists have lately held secret meetings in Copenhagen, to find a basis upon which it would be possible to arrive at an understanding.

A Russian Socialist told the *Politiken* that the German Socialists had proposed the following as a basis for peace agitation in the German Reichstag:

Germany to evacuate Northern France, but to keep Alsace-Lorraine, and to evacuate Belgium, which would be independent, but temporarily without an army.

THE DARDANELLES.

Serbia, Montenegro and the Slav parts of Austria to be united into a Greater Serbia, joining Austria-Hungary as a third unit.

Poland to become an independent State, comprising Austria and German Polish territory, except Posen, also without an army.

Kurland and the western districts of the Russian Baltic provinces to be transferred conditionally to Germany.

Rumania to be re-established to her original extent.

Germany agrees to neutralise the Dardanelles under a Turkish protectorate.

The Social Democrats to-day denies that any such peace meetings have been held or that Herr Scheidemann, the leader of the German Socialist majority, is making a tour of the Scandinavian capitals, describing statements to that effect as fantastic.—Reuter.

GONE TO STOCKHOLM.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.—A Berlin telegram published by the *Cologne Gazette* states that Herr Scheidemann, the leader of the German Socialist Majority Party, has gone, with other German Socialists, to Stockholm, in order to get into touch with Russian Socialists.

BULGARIA WANTS PEACE?

ROME, Thursday.—It is reported from a Swiss source that M. Rodoff, the Bulgarian Minister in Berne, has made overtures to the Entente Ministers with a view to the conclusion of a separate peace.

GREAT FEAT BY 20 MEN.

RUMANIAN COMMUNIQUE.

Rumanian Front.—On the frontier west of Moldavia and on the Puntia there has been an artillery bombardment, rifle fire and daring patrol actions.

Second-Lieutenant Visniapoff with twenty men succeeded in approaching the German lines of Kolosari, destroyed the barbed wire entanglements and, surprising an enemy post, bayoneted some of the occupants and brought back the remainder as prisoners.

On the Sereth our artillery dispersed several enemy convoys between Olăneasca and Juleanca. Enemy batteries bombarded our trenches in the Janesti-Voiresi region.—Reuter.

FIGHT FOR TRENCHES.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

Last night the enemy succeeded in momentarily entering one of our advanced trenches to the east of Vimy.

He was immediately driven off on the arrival of our supports, and left in our hands a few prisoners and some material.—Central News.

GERMAN FOOD FEARS.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.—The *Forwaerts* says: "Notwithstanding all big events, the new food regulation which is about to be introduced forms the exclusive subject of discussion in the most considerable circles of the people, and the nearer the fateful April 15 approaches the greater becomes the tension. The diminution of the bread ration forms for the entire population a serious difficulty and causes great preoccupation."

The paper then endeavours to explain the new measures by pointing out that if the bread ration were not decreased in the weeks before the new harvest there would be no bread at all, and urges the people to keep calm and await what April 15 will bring.

The *Courier de la Meuse* reports that fresh rioting has occurred at Barmen Elberfeld, where several shops were damaged and the windows of the town hall smashed.—Central News.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1917.

HINDENBURG AND 'TOMMY.'

THE Germans are covering their great retreat with the name of Hindenburg. That name or that excuse satisfies the German people, apparently. It will cover a good deal.

There is the great glaring god on his wooden pedestal, nail-knocked! He glares at the German people, and they like to be domineered over. So they eat Hindenburg fare, they follow Hindenburg fashions, they swallow disappointments prepared by Hindenburg. They believe Hindenburg. Hindenburg they think will win for them.

We have nothing on our side like this obsession. Our faith is rather in our national star guiding our national resolve. And who best sums up, interprets, symbolises, that faith and that star? Whom shall we match against Hindenburg?

The innumerable, the unconquerable, never-to-be-discouraged British "Tommy" is the man—the men—the multitude, in whom we trust for our hope of victory.

See him now in all the war dispatches—in our own photographs. See him—daily, hourly, stumbling on, undeterred by Hindenburg, over Vimy heights, through the miseries of Devil's Wood, Hanged Trench, Holt Redoubt—names, all, to live always in our history. Whence does he come, what is he, how is it that until now we never knew or loved him as we should—but let him grow up anyhow, anywhere, in big neglected ugly cities, all loose ends, toiling, troubling himself over trifles? Now he emerges vigorously in manhood as a new creature—some say, an improvisation of war, war's particular spirit, rising suddenly from the battlefield smoke.

No. "Tommy" was always there. We in our dullness do not see him till he stands up to take—often enough—a last look at the universe. We know him and recognise him when he bids us good cheer and farewell.

Many British subalterns—fine young men of the middle-classes—tell us that they have learnt one chief lesson, perhaps above all other lessons, by this war: to know and value the simplicity in strength, the stolid resisting powers, the brave determination and grumbling or joking tenacity of the many many workers poured into our armies out of the big towns, and the little villages, out of workshops, and banks, and drapers' shops, and slums. Everywhere these ordinary men! And, everywhere, now out there in France, the spirit of these once ordinary men winning through for us.

It is a wonderful thought—a wonderful hope, too. After the war, the chance for England will be to elicit the best in this wonderful ordinary man, in peace as well as in war—to stir him to peace valour, as now to valour of battle. That we shall do, surely, when the real flesh-and-blood "Tommy" has overset the mythical idol of wood, Gott Hindenburg, on his nail-knocked pedestal of pride.

W. M.

IF ONLY IT WERE SO!

First, April, she with mellow showers Opens the way for early dowers; Then after her comes smiling May, In a more rich and sweet array; Next enters June, and brings more Gems than those two that went before; Then, lastly, July comes, and she More wealth brings in than all those three.

—HERBERT (1670).

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Convey thy love to thy friend as an arrow to the mark; not as a ball against the wall, to rebound back again.—Quarles.

THE HUMAN TOUCH IN PARLIAMENT.

WILL WOMEN MAKE POLITICS LESS "DRYASDUSTY"?

By AGNES E. OLLIVANT.

THERE has been a good deal of laughter—and some sneering—about the case of the lady member of Congress who, asked to decide between war and peace at the great session, could only burst into tears and say nothing.

"Just fancy!" "That shows what women would be as legislators!" So people argue.

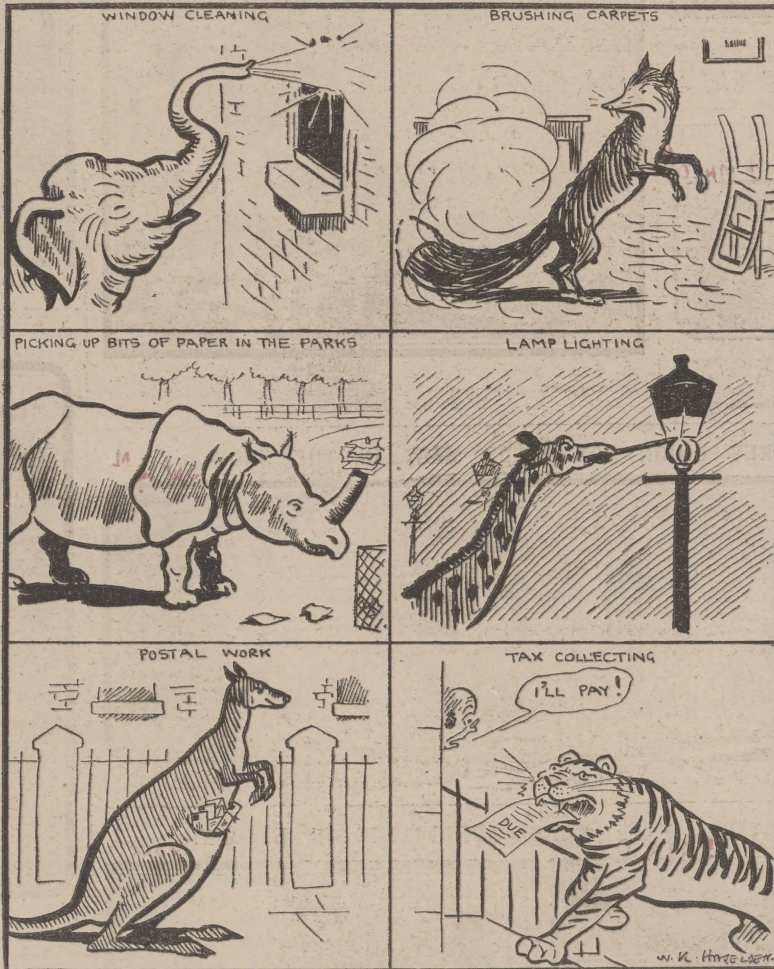
And we have a picture provided for us of our own parliamentary benches sprinkled with women—women as well as men. Mr. Lloyd George, suppose, is making a speech. One of his eloquent utterances—an appeal to sentiment—a call to the heart. Oh, do look at the

be soon enough hardened and mechanised beyond the reach of sobbing! Women can be as business-like and hard, as "snappy" and cantankerous, or, more favourably, as determined and resolute, as the rest of creation. That is true, and it is true that the picture of a jachymose Legislature—a weeping Westminster—a crying Commons—a House of Ladies in lamentation—is, purely, a caricature, as those perfectly well know who paint it. But what I want to ask your readers rather is not: "Will women be 'weepy' and 'human'—all too-human—in politics?" but "Wouldn't it be a good thing for politics if they were human?"

WHY NOT "TEARS"?

If a little humanity—even tears—were introduced into politics? If some more human and even emotional standard were adopted whereby to judge things in a world from which, by convention, feeling is excluded?

WHY NOT NATIONAL SERVICE FOR ANIMALS?



A dream of the manner in which, at a pinch, the Zoo could be called up, "to set men free for the Army"—(By W. K. Haselden.)

benches opposite! Long streams of tears falling down fair cheeks! A sound of weeping. Sobs. Almost howls. The Prime Minister sits down.

He is succeeded by a lady speaker. She advances to the table. She begins to speak. No. She begins to sob. Convulsed with sobs she stands there, inarticulate, for a minute or two. Then the Sergeant-at-Arms comes up to her, taps her on the shoulder, and gently leads her away, sobbing amidst responsive party sobs—instead of "cheers"—from the back benches.

In the words of Wordsworth's critic: "This will never do."

So people say. But I beg to differ. I need not, to begin with, insist upon the caricature. Alas, too many women voters, I am afraid, and women legislators too, will

We want brains—certainly; brains if you like, predominantly; brains always active. But not brains only. In life, and in all matters relating to life, we want heart too. We want feeling disciplined, but feeling at the back of our intentions.

And surely women will help us to get the new moods into the "business affairs" of the world? Surely, too, it is a mistake to go on the supposition that all feeling—I don't mean mere gusts of emotion—should be excluded from business, national or other. The big affairs of life, whatever they may be, deal with men and therefore with the feelings of men. There is no such person as a "business man." A business man is not a man only of business. He wants and strives, through business, for human ends and aims, passions, desires, utilities, successes, hopes. To deal

VIEWS ABOUT BREAD.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK OF THE PROBLEM OF ECONOMISING.

IN RESTAURANTS.

I THINK there would be a great deal less eating of bread if waiters were instructed to ask the diner if he wants bread instead of standing over him with the bread and waiting there in such a manner as to say, "I shall hold this out to you till you do take some!"

In my own experience, the peace time I used invariably to take bread solely because it was pushed under my nose and held there.

This eating of bread when vegetables are also eaten is simply a habit, as can easily be seen by the amount that is left uneaten.

WAST END DINER.

GIVE THEM SNAILS!

"H. H. S." says that we must not feed birds. This is partly true; we do not want to waste valuable food on them. Wild birds do not want to be fed in spring, summer and autumn, for they can feed on grubs, snails and dried-up fruit, and so help us to keep the grubs from eating the crops.

Crumbs that would be thrown away if collected and put out of doors would make a very nice meal for our feathered friends in winter.

E. J. (aged ten.)

BUT DON'T WASTE THE CRUSTS!

I CANNOT agree with "H. H. S." as regards "Birds and Bread." In these days, when everyone is living in supreme egotism as to how he or she may best reconcile the Food Controller with his or her own particular "little Mary," it is surely most refreshing to hear of certain lovers of animals who gladly spare a daily morsel for the birds.

Personally I thoroughly enjoy feeding them every morning with crusts and fragments of bread that would otherwise find their way into "the pig-tub."

In theory it is excellent to say that "not a crust should now be wasted," but as a matter of fact in every well-to-do house stale remnants of bread are treated very much as they have always been treated, so why disappoint our little feathered friends who brighten this sombre world with their music, and at the same time free our precious crops from insect pests?

E. M. B.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 12.—Although turnips are not as nourishing as some vegetables, they are certainly a most valuable crop and one that matures quickly. When the weather is favourable a sowing can be made. Sow the small varieties in drills about 6in. apart and set the seeds thinly. The later turnips must be allowed more room, since they produce large leaves. Sticks for peas and runner beans must be obtained in good time. Last year's tall pea sticks will do for the beans. Dwarf peas need not be supported, but if short sticks are available it is wise to use them for this crop.

E. F. T.

with him, or it, you must not treat it or him as an economic abstraction remote from life. I believe we want life and humanity in politics. Therefore, though certainly I don't approve of Miss Rankin's tears, I do not regard them as necessarily classifying all women as "non-political animals."

I regard them as an exaggeration certainly; but also as a hopeful sign. They typify for me a spirit that may serve to humanise things a little, instead of making things mechanical.

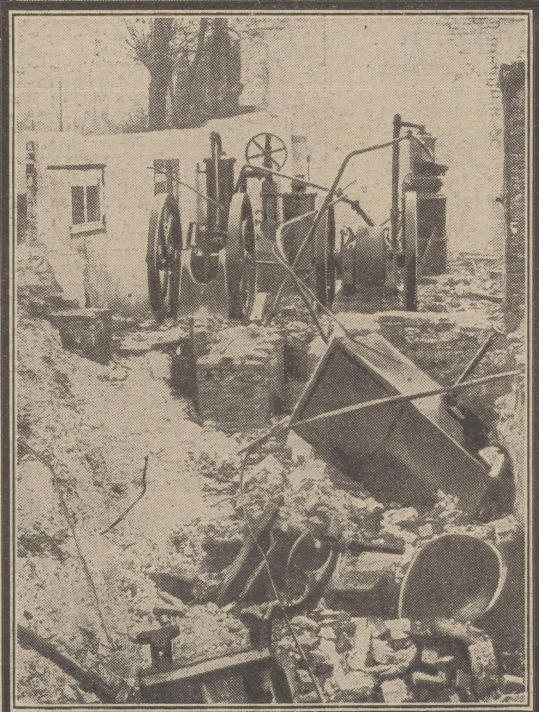
Tears are very stupid, no doubt. But are not most rules and regulations and Red Tape and standing orders and other Parliamentary things still more stupid? Why, sometimes, after a long dull debate even members of Parliament, I am told, feel like "bursting into tears"!

FOUR CROSSES



Sergeant Ivan Ischibenko (5th Siberian Regiment), wearing four crosses of St. George, awarded him for various acts of gallantry. Once he tackled thirty-seven Huns single-handed.

PLANT WRECKED BY HUNS.



Electrical works on the outskirts of La Fere, blown up by the Germans. La Fere is one of the pivots of the much-vaunted Hindenburg line.— (French War Office photograph.)

"TRENCH JUNCTION": A



Railways in the trenches. They often have to be repaired.

IN THE WAR NEWS.



Bomb. A. Groves (Military Medal), who repaired telephone wires on a road swept by machine gun fire.



Cpl. Vincent Holman, wounded. He is an actor, and last appeared with Mr. Charles Hawtrey.

THE SURREY UNION FOXHOUNDS MEET IN THE SNOW.



After finding that the snow was too thick on the hills the pack moved off to draw cover on lower ground.

WOMEN NAVVIES MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE IN LONDON.



Women are being employed as navvies by a large firm in Westminster, and have proved themselves to be excellent "workmen." They are seen in the photographs demolishing a building, which forms part of the firm's property, and whitewashing an outhouse.



FROZEN WINE: REMARKABLE RES



Wine for the Army, which froze as a result of the intense cold.

WELSH ARMY CHAPLAIN LOSES ON



C. G. Roberts.



G. D. Roberts.



The Rev. P. Jones Roberts.

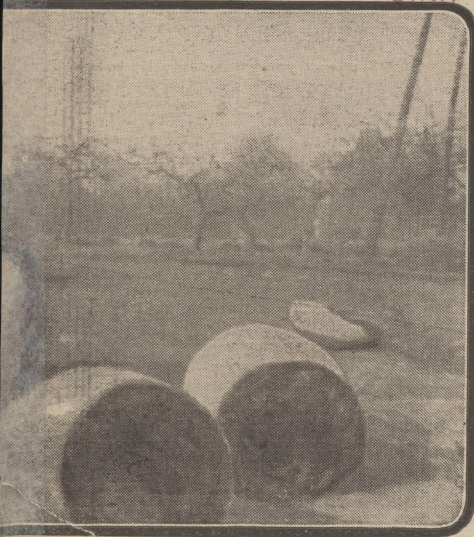
The Rev. P. Jones Roberts, of Bangor, who for two years has been acting as a chaplain to the Welsh Army, was killed in action last July, while Lieutenant P. A. Roberts was now in France, who

BATTLEFIELD RAILWAY.



three or four times a day.—(Official photograph.)

T OF THE WINTRY WEATHER.



ther in France.—("Wine and Spirit Trade Record.")

OF HIS FOUR SOLDIER SONS.



I. P. Roberts.

P. A. Roberts.

as a chaplain to the forces in France; and his four soldier sons, Lieu-
Roberts is a prisoner of war in Germany. Second-Lieutenant I. P.
the fourth son is a cadet.

SENT HOME IN DISGRACE.



The most recent photograph of the German Crown Prince, who is seen in
conversation with his officers at the front. Deserters state that he has
been recalled to Berlin.

FOR A FRIEND



Miss Jennie Lee, of Haltwhistle, who has
died in hospital in France. She sacrificed
her leave to enable another Haltwhistle
nurse to return home for her father's
funeral.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

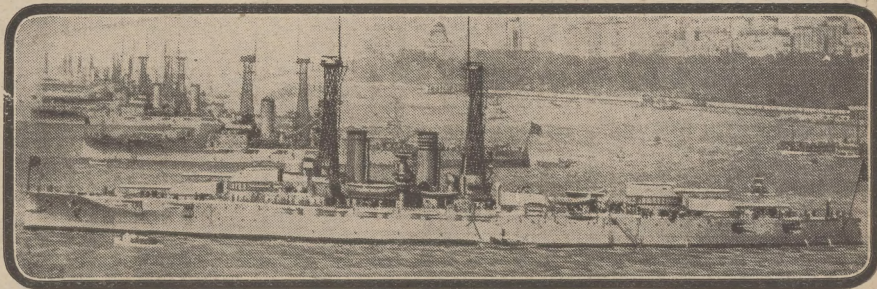


Lieut. - Col. J. Thord-
Grey, who has gone
to New York to or-
ganise British-Ameri-
cans for service.



Dr. J. Rendal Harris,
LL.D., of Birming-
ham, who has been
rescued from two tor-
pedoed steamers.

ATLANTIC FLEET IN HARBOUR—IT WILL NOT REMAIN THERE.



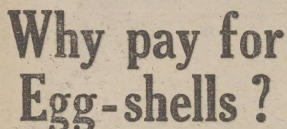
The American Atlantic Fleet. Our new Ally's Navy has already begun work, and will prove a very valuable asset.

CANADIAN DOCTORS AND NURSES HONOURED BY FRANCE.



M. Justin Godart, the French Under-Secretary of State for Health, at the Canadian Hospital at St. Cloud. He is seen
decorating a doctor and congratulating the nurses on their excellent work. Several of them received medals at his hands.
—(Official photographs.)

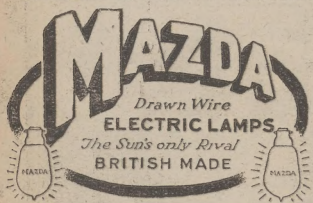




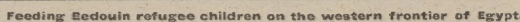
COOK'S
DRIED FARM EGGS
per 1'6 dozen

And of all leading Grocers and Stores.

S. H. B.



ACTING for Films Being Vacant.—Regulatory guide for
A—free-Victoria Cine Studio, 36, Rathbone-place, W. (1.)
CINEMA—Beginners wanted, at once; condensing process
of making films, and the art of acting, taught. For
CINEMA Operating—Beginners wanted to train; call or
write—Victoria Studio, 36, Rathbone-pl, W. (1.)
Exchange—over 16 and under 20 years of age; min-
imum height, 5 feet; wages whilst learning; when efficient
and experienced, £10 a week; 12 hours a week; 12
hrs; period to become efficient averages 7 weeks.—Apply,
in person, between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m., 12 noon and 12 noon
and 12 noon, 12 noon and 12 noon, 12 noon and 12 noon
(near Ludgate-circuit, E.C.4.)
VOLUNTEERS—Women wanted for school
work, principally marmalade and ration for
troops; statutory wages paid as a minimum; hours 8 a.m.
to 4 p.m.; 12 noon and 12 noon, 12 noon and 12 noon,
and 4 p.m.; workers bring their own food. For
fully or by letter to Meconoch Bros. Ltd., West Perry, E.



IMPROVED PENSIONS FOR DISABLED.

Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 4/6.
Send name and address, 4d. postage, and mention this paper.
ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., 36, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

Wanted to Purchase

ARTIFICIAL teeth (Old) bought.—Messrs. Browning & Co. Dental Manufacturers, 63, Oxford-st., London, W. Original Firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full value by return or offer made; call or post; est. 100 years.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (Old) Bought.—We may as advertise our prices, rules and conditions. We buy old, solid, Se., platinum 25s.; immediate cash or offers; call with, or post parcels, mention "Daily Mirror," Messrs. Page, The Picture Palace, 219, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.

Wanted—Silent Seller, old Teeth (any condition), Plate or Gold, highest prices.—Stanley and Co., 33, Oxford-st., W.

HIGHEST Prices by return, good gent's suits, overcoats, ladies' hats, kid's, children's costumes, boots, shoes, &c. offered. Call, or post, or write.

AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS.
TALKING Parrots, from 12s. 6d.; three months' war-
rants Chapman Parrot Aviaries, Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS.
A NEW Cure for Deafness.—Full particulars of a certain Cure for Deafness and Noises will be sent post free by D. Clifton, 13, Broad-st. Hill, London, E.C.

PETER LYSTER THE MAN WHO FORGOT

By RUBY M. AYRES.

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

NAN MARRABY, charming girl who became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France.

PETER LYSTER, who has lost his memory as the result of shock.

JOAN ENDICOTT, Nan's friend, whose husband is at the front. She and Nan are living together.

JOHN ARNOTT, Peter's brother, who comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.



Nan Marraby, a brother officer, who comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.

NAN MARRABY became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France. All the time he is away she devotes herself to cheering him in France. They live together in a little flat, each anxiously waiting for the news that she dreads and hoping for the safe return of the man she loves.

At last news reaches Nan that Peter has been seriously wounded. She hears the blow heroically, and decides to go and see Peter.

John Arnett, Peter's friend, takes Nan to the hotel at which he is staying with Peter. He tries to dissuade her from what he knows will be a painful interview, but she insists upon going on. Alone she goes into the smoking-room, where Peter is talking with great animation to a girl.

Nan hesitatingly explains that she thinks she must have left her gloves there. Peter comes and helps her to look for them; but although their eyes meet he does not remember Nan at all.

The next day Arnett brings Nan the packet of letters she had written to Peter.

Owing to her stepmother's death Nan has to return home to look after her little stepbrothers.

A man jumps for the carriage just as the train is moving out of the station. He recognises her, and introduces himself as Peter's friend, Harley Setton. He had been with Peter.

Setton is a money-lender. As Nan learns from Arnett, he has lent money to Nan's father, and he hints that he will enforce his claims.

Nan is very indignant. She will not believe that her father is in debt, but Setton is callous. He suggests that she should ask her father.

When he has gone Nan rushes out into the woods to be alone, lonely and unhappy. She is crying bitterly when Peter finds her.

He is kind and sympathetic. He tells her about his loss of memory, and how miserable he feels; and he admits that he does not like Setton.

Peter asks Nan why she was crying, and she says that she may tell him some day.

Arnett brings his sister to call on Nan. There is a spirit of antagonism between the two women.

When Peter joins the party with the boys, who have become great friends with him, the atmosphere becomes electrical.

Nan meets Setton by accident in the woods. He asks her to marry him. She refuses; and then he offers to cancel the debt her father and Peter owe him. He threatens to tell Peter the truth unless she consents.

Nan scorns the proposal. Setton seizes and kisses her passionately, and she is struggling.

Peter Lyster comes upon the scene. Setton makes Nan say that she does not want Peter's assistance.

Nan watches him depart with an aching heart, then she rushes away from Setton and runs home.

When she has reached her room she sees Peter coming up the garden path to the house.

Nan will not see Peter.

Mr. Marraby tells her that he is going to London. She asks him to tell her about Setton, and explains that Setton has proposed to her.

Her father tells her that he will tell her that she has refused to marry Setton, and accuses her of selfishness.

Arnett tells Nan that he admires her, but she says that she can never care for anybody else.

Peter arrives with the boys. He seems very depressed, and asks her whether she is going to marry Setton.

Peter appears to be very interested, and he seems to have a glimmering memory that he knew Nan in the past. When he presses the question about her engagement to Setton she gives an ambiguous answer.

TORN BY DOUBTS.

FOR a moment Nan and Peter Lyster looked at one another over the gate without speaking; to Nan, at least, it seemed as if a great emptiness had settled down on the world—as if the words which she herself had just spoken had stunned the still spring twilight into silence, hushing even the sleepy song of the birds and the soft voice of the breeze in the trees overhead.

Then the stamp of feet sounded down the pathway behind her, and Claudie's shrill voice called her name.

"Nan—Nan—Nan."

She turned at once.

"Excuse me, won't you—and good-bye."

She did not look at Lyster as she spoke; she fled back to the house; there was a curious singing noise in her head, and she wondered if she were going to faint; she passed Claudie in the doorway and went straight on to the kitchen; she drew some water from the tap and drank it off thirstily.

Claudie had followed, and was watching her with a curious expression.

"Has he gone?" he asked, irrelevantly.

"Yes," said Nan.

She felt better now; she could even smile at the child's disappointed face.

"What a shame," he said, ingenuously. "He promised to give me a button off his coat."

"I'll give you one," said Nan. "I've got some upstairs—just the same as his."

But Claudie was not to be appeased; he sucked his thumb and grumbled till Nan got cross and threatened him with bed; he went away then, informing her, as a Partisan shot, that he did not like her any more—that she was a horrid thing.

Nan laughed; she did not care—she went up to her room and locked the door.

She tried to think over the events of the afternoon calmly; she tried to get them all just as they were without exaggeration.

It was useless to deceive herself with the hope that anything more than ordinary friendly interest in her had prompted Peter's visit; she went carefully over every word he had said, every look he had given her, and she knew that there had been nothing—nothing to justify the hope that had taken so long to die in her heart.

He liked her—he liked to be with her; but he was quite pleased that she should marry his friend—and only regretful that she should have given a thought to Harley Setton.

It was nothing to him—nothing.

"I can go on cutting my heart out for ever," she thought; "I can go on beating against iron bars all my life, and it won't do any good; why not take what I can?—money is something, if it does me any hope for."

After all, one man was very much the same as another if she could not have Peter—and marriage with Harley Setton would mean so many things.

It could save her father from ruin, and it would assuredly the boys' future—so she argued, knowing all the time deep down in her heart that neither of these things weighed with her one featherweight in comparison with the fact that she would also save Peter.

He was the one thought in her mind—the one object in her life; she despised herself for it, but she could not help it.

Somehow she thought that there must be two Peter Lysters in the world—the one who had loved her, and this new one who only gave her the ordinary regard of one friend for another.

But he was not even her friend—she laughed at herself for thinking that; he was—she was just a man living in the world, to whom she was nothing—and who could never be anything to her.

When she put the boys to bed later they all noticed her preoccupation; they were so surprised that they forgot to be as tiresome as usual and stared at her with wondering eyes.

Even Jim asked if she had a headache, and when she put out the light before going away Claudie called her back in a small, choked voice and whispered as she bent down to him that he hadn't meant what he said, and that he did love her all the time—if she wouldn't tell Jim!

"I shall tell anyone," Nan said, then she went downstairs and sent the little maid to bed and locked up the house and went to bed herself and lay awake till morning wondering how she could ever get through the rest of her life.

There was a letter from Mr. Marraby in the morning—he did not expect to be home for a few days yet, he wrote; he hoped she was well and that the boys were good; he also hoped, he went on, that she had been thinking over his last conversation with her, and that she was beginning to see things from his point of view.

There was so much at stake—her future as well as his—it would be madness to throw away such a chance.

Nan threw the letter into the fire, but she knew in some unconscious way it was influencing her; she felt as if she were being hurried on to a climax which there was no longer any reason to doubt.

Setton would assuredly come again that day—or if not he would come to-morrow, or the next day, and she would have to have her answer ready.

She no longer feared him, she only feared herself.

Supposing she married him, and then something happened and Peter remembered all that he had forgotten.

"Such things only happen in books," she told herself, contemptuously. "What is the use of hoping anything so silly?"

She made up her mind that when Setton called she would see him and accept his offer, and yet in the afternoon, when she heard his voice at the door, panic seized her and she went out through the garden and into the wood, trembling in every limb.

It was chilly to-day, and there was no sun. The narrow footpath where she had walked with Peter was dark, and squally underfoot with a late night's shower. Nan shivered as she walked.

She stayed out till she was chilled to the bone, then she went back to the house almost fearfully, as if afraid Setton would still be waiting for her.

He could call again later, so the little maid told her, and panic closed down about Nan's heart.

She felt that she was trying to avoid a trap, and all the time her feet were leading her towards it—every step.

She gave the boys their tea early and wandered about the house unable to settle to anything.

Setton would come, she knew, and now somehow it no longer seemed to matter much. She only longed to get it over, to put an end to the uncertainty and delay.

Heads of women marry men they don't love to make them happy."

She thought. She knew it was a desperate attempt to buoy herself up, but she did not care.

"And after all, being in love isn't all happiness," she told herself. "Look what I have had to suffer."

And she hated suffering. It was her nature

to be bright and happy. She felt as if some horrible illness had seized her in a merciless grip, which she was unable to shake off.

The afternoon slipped away, but Setton did not come, and Nan began to brood again.

After all, perhaps he had changed his mind and did not want her—perhaps it had been conceit on her part that had told her that he did not mean to leave her alone till he got what he wanted.

She took her hat and went down to the village. The rain had cleared off and there was a faint tinge of sunset in the sky; the wind had dropped, too, and it had turned warmer.

Nan passed the road along which one went to Little Gaddesden. She stood for a moment looking at the white signboard with a half-smile. The road led away out of her life. She had no business there at all.

There were very few people about—a child or two passed her on the road, trudging home; a man, with a sheep-dog at his heels, bade her a good evening; a boy, driving some cows down the lane, looked at her interestedly and touched his cap.

Everything seemed just the same as it had been years ago when she was a child and living in the village under her stepmother's sharp tongue. The whole village might have fallen asleep when she left it and forgotten to wake up again.

A woman came out of a cottage as Nan passed and called to her.

Nan knew the shrill, rather domineering voice long before she turned; and a little shiver of distaste passed through her as she met the cold, beady eyes of the vicar's sister.

THE BARBED TONGUE OF RUMOUR.

MISS DUDENEY was known and cordially disliked throughout the parish for her love of interference in matters which were no concern of hers. She had a marvellous gift for finding out things which people wished kept secret, and for making herself thoroughly unpopular.

She had been with Nan several times since the girl came home, and asked a thousand-and-one questions that had made Nan's blood boil; apparently she was going to ask another thousand—and one this afternoon, Nan thought resignedly, judging by the way Miss Dudenevy came up to her as she reluctantly stood still.

"I was just thinking about you, Miss Marraby," she declared; her beady eyes seemed to take in every detail of Nan's attire at a glance; she held out to Nan her thin, cotton-gloved hand.

"I was wondering if perhaps you would come and help us decorate for Easter. I know you don't take much interest in parish affairs, but—"

"I haven't any time, for one thing," Nan cut in swiftly, "and I can't remember ever having been asked for a parish. The vicarate called a week ago and asked for a subscription for something, and I told him we couldn't afford it, so I suppose he won't come again."

Miss Dudenevy gave a thin smile.

"You are always so outspoken," she murmured. "And I admire you for it—I do really. I always say it is such a pity more people don't say what they really think—the world is full of hypocrisy."

"But just to help decorate the church," Miss Dudenevy went on, persuasively. "That is so different. Some people are very much against using flowers this year, but an glad to say I have persuaded my brother to let me have them. The war makes everything quite doleful enough, without robbing ourselves of a little harmless pleasure. And besides, all the flowers can go to the hospital afterwards; the dear soldiers just love flowers, you know."

"Do they?" said Nan, uncompromisingly.

"But you must know more about them than I," her companion rushed on. "Your poor mother was only telling me when I last saw that you were engaged to an officer—in let me see, what regiment was it?"

"Mrs. Marraby was my stepmother," Nan said. "And I am not engaged to anybody."

"Really?" A sparkle of interest lit Miss Dudenevy's beady eyes; she had never even been on bowing acquaintance herself with romance, but she loved to hear all about it in connection with the lives of others; she prided herself that she loved young people and took an unending interest in their love affairs, whereas, as a matter of fact, it was pure curiosity that prompted her interference.

"Of course, if you say so—" she said deprecatingly. "But I certainly understood that you were engaged, and so long to be married."

"No," said Nan flintily.

She quickened her steps a little, and Miss Dudenevy had almost to run to keep up with her.

"Some people are coming over from Gaddesden to help," she went on rather breathlessly. "I don't know if you know any of the Gaddesden people—but I always find them so exceptionally nice."

"I know a few," Nan admitted.

"Well, this is a Mrs. Mears. I am thinking of particularly," Miss Dudenevy said. "She is a war widow, poor thing! such a very charming person, and so rich. She attends the Gaddesden church, of course, but she is coming over to help us, and has promised to bring all the white flowers for the font. She has wonderful greenhouses, I believe, and is very good to charity; they say there are always quite a number of wounded soldiers staying in her house."

"Really?" said Nan.

"Yes—there are, of course, people who say that it is not quite proper—seeing that Mrs. Mears is so young—and a widow—but one must sink conventionalities in this war, don't you think, Miss Marraby?"

(Continued on page 11.)

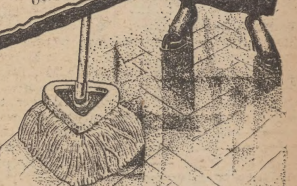
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Cockle's Pills cleanse and regulate the whole system, leaving it free from all impurities. To use them always is to keep yourself in perfect health—the bowels free, the liver active, the head clear, and the skin and complexion free from blemish.

TRY ANTIBILIOUS COCKLE'S Next Time. Buy a box to-day. Pills



Lady Frederick Blackwood, who is helping in connection with Mesopotamia Day.



Miss Halburton Wilson, a niece of Lord Halburton, has been nursing in a London hospital.

"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA."

London Americans' Enthusiastic Acclamation of Mr. Lloyd George.

I HAVE ATTENDED many Anglo-American functions at which famous men made "hands across the seas" speeches. None, however, was as enthusiastic as that given by the American Luncheon Club in honour of the Prime Minister at the Savoy yesterday. The cheers were as thunderous as the big guns that Mr. Lloyd George praised so eloquently.

A Fine Speech.

THE PRIME MINISTER was in the best of form. Everybody was delighted with his speech. There was immense cheering when he referred so caustically to the Kaiser's promise of liberal political institutions for Germany—after the war. The cheers were renewed when he described the "Hindenburg line" and how America finally rejected it.

A Famous Gathering.

THERE was an extraordinary number of famous men at the top table. Sir Robert Borden was cheered heartily when Mr. Page referred to the gallantry of the Canadians at Vimy. The Prime Minister leaned over to ask Mr. Page how many ships America was building, and when he told his auditors the number was 1,000 the cheers again rang out.

A Tribute to "Tommy."

AND YOU SHOULD have heard the cheering when the Prime Minister eulogised the bravery of "Tommy." The speech was cabled in full to the American newspapers. "It will," said an American sitting beside me, "make 'em cheer there, as it did here." General Smuts received a warm ovation.

Political Possibilities.

THERE IS STILL a buzz of political gossip in the clubs. The situation itself is still obscure, but I find a general opinion that surprising things may happen in the first few days after Parliament resumes. Some politicians are talking confidently about a general election, but in other quarters I have come across anticipations of rather dramatic developments in other directions.

Paulines and Poetry.

EVERY LOVER of POETRY will regret to hear of the death in action of Second-Lieutenant R. E. Vernède. Mr. Vernède was educated at St. Paul's School, which of late has become a veritable nest of singing birds. Among the poets who are also Old Paulines are Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. George Francis Wilson, the writer of some of the best cricketing verse of this generation, and Mr. G. K. Chesterton. And one oughtn't to forget Milton.

Lady Cromartie's Entertainment.

THE COUNTESS OF CROMARTIE is, I hear, about to organise an entertainment on novel lines in aid of the Lord Roberts Memorial Fund. She and the Marchioness Townshend are writing original plays for it. Another helper is Mrs. Robert Stanhope, daughter of the Hon. Henry Stanhope, who also is an amateur playwright.

The New Note.

FALSE PRIDE seems to be at a discount today. As I was walking along an avenue in one of London's most exclusive suburbs yesterday afternoon I saw a smartly-dressed flapper who not long ago would have refused to carry a small paper parcel pushing home a supply of coal in a sugar box on wheels. And she displayed no self-consciousness in the act.



Countess of Cromartie.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Mesopotamia Day.

LADY MINTO is a hostess again to-day. She is used to appearing in that rôle, but her form of hospitality to-day is a new one. She is throwing open her Lancaster Gate house to Mesopotamia Day flag sellers.

Some Hostesses.

LADY GOSCHEN, who has cause to know what Mesopotamia means to British mothers, since her only son was killed there, is also a hostess, making of her Rutland Gate house a comfortable pied-à-terre for the "Oasis girls" led by Miss Mande. Lady Holt is another hostess at Grosvenor-place, and Sir Leslie Porter cares for the Victoria-street sellers.

The Bouquet's Rival.

LITTLE MISS MARGUERITE BROOKS proudly carried a "lucky" horseshoe of forget-me-nots, when she attended her cousin, Miss Alice Winterbotham, at her marriage yesterday to Mr. Alan Wilson, at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington. After two years' service with the R.A.M.C. in Egypt as a "Tommy" the bridegroom has come home to take his commission.

Potting Rabbits.

I HAVE just heard of an exciting adventure which befell Mr. Oscar Asche before Easter. To prepare for the extra holiday work, Mr. Asche spent two days at his pleasant little farm in the Cotswolds, where his famous dogs are trained. In the dusk of the evening he went out to pot a few rabbits—a gun his sole companion.



Mr. Oscar Asche.

Samson Strength.

STUMBLING into a snowdrift, Mr. Asche fell heavily into a hole twelve feet deep, and could not climb out of it. He was three miles from any house, and shouts for help proved useless. At last, after thinking out the situation and finding that he must be on the hillside, he managed by sheer strength to work his way out through earth and bramble at one side of the hole, and emerged very cut and bruised.

Neil Kenyon.

I HEAR from a friend that Mr. Neil Kenyon, the clever and versatile comedian, has had to undergo an operation. He is at present in a nursing home in Dorset-square, and I am afraid it will be some little time before he will be able to go back to the stage.

The Professional View.

THE OTHER DAY a friend of mine took an actor to see a popular play. He applauded vehemently as is the custom of actors visiting theatres; but on leaving the theatre his only remark was, "What a delightful audience!"

St. Joan-Up to Date.

I WENT into the "Joan of Arc Day" offices yesterday and encountered there Lady Alexander and her wee dog. She is not as yet listed to take part in the pageant, but a number of well-known ladies are representing the Dominions and other countries.

The Duchess Acts.

THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND will be in it, with her daughter's friend, Mrs. Fairbairn, whom most people still call Nancy Curzon—one may call her a poetess! Lady Tree, too, and maybe a daughter, but they won't yet reveal what parts they take, only asserting that their frocks are—! And bare words fail them.

The Rush for Maps.

THE NEWS of the British advance has turned most of us into map students. People who had never heard of Cambrai a few weeks ago are now quite certain of its position, and they can even locate—if they cannot pronounce—St. Quentin. A shopkeeper told me yesterday morning that he was doing a thriving trade in war maps.

A War Map.

ONE OF THE BEST has just been published by *The Daily Mail*. It is a bird's-eye map of the front where the fighting is taking place, and as the scale is one inch to the mile it is quite easy to "spot" the villages that we have captured in our advance.

To-Day's Economy Hint.

TO OBTAIN the maximum of heat and the minimum of waste in coal, leave all the ashes in the grate, and only poke out a few ashes to relight the fire. The ashes in this way remain red hot, increasing the warmth, and the coal used is reduced.

The Diminishing Tip.

What bitterness is in his cup?

Why does the waiter frown?

Because, the more the food goes up,

The more the tips go down!

Canada and India.

MR. J. BERNARD FAGAN's contribution to "Canada in Khaki" is his powerful Indian playlet, "The Fourth of August." It is interesting to know that this piece, when produced by Mr. Arthur Bourchier, was blessed by the mighty ones of the India Office, who saw in it a valuable "boost" for India.

Very Confidential!

IT is refreshing occasionally to meet a really trusting soul. Yesterday a complete stranger, emerging from a house, thrust a letter into my hands, saying: "If you are passing the pillar-box... thank you so much." Whereupon he promptly disappeared. The envelope was marked "Private, Urgent and Intimate!"

Badges on Everything.

AT A SHOP in Bond-street which specialises in articles decorated with regimental badges they told me yesterday that the demand increases. Even lingerie and what Bond-street describes as "knee bracelets" are now being adorned with the badge of a sweetheart's husband's or brother's regiment.

Duchess and Grandson.

THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE is proud of her new grandson, a son having been born to Lady Hermione Cameron, wife of Colonel Donald Cameron, C.M.G., otherwise "The Lochiel." The Duchess's principal philanthropy is sending child children in batches to the seaside.



Miss Fellowes-Robinson, who is acting as business manager for Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson.



The Bishop of Richmond (Dr. F. C. Kilner) says he can see no necessity for Sunday labour.

Chief Secretary and Housing.

MR. DUKE has thrown himself wholeheartedly into the question of Dublin housing. The other day, in a heavy snowstorm, he went round the city inspecting a number of proposed sites. A conference representing all parties will, I hear, be held soon, and a big housing scheme is likely to result. Mr. Duke's tact in dealing with the whole Irish situation is, I am told, gradually having its effect.

Category What?

I HEARD of a young man who was asked why he wasn't in the Army. "Chemically unfit," he replied.

Spring "Slangue."

FROM TIME TO TIME I have given you examples of English (or American) "as she is writ" by the advertisement man who eulogises an American smoking tobacco. Here is his latest:

"Quality slips the 'unlimited' sign on P.A. smokes! You know that's right on the hop-skip-jump! For, you can open up on P.A. tobacco like you hold five aces; and, smoke a pipe or cigarette lick-a-tee-split without intermission! And, you close the session with your tongue right side up; with your taste-apparatus tuned to new high-spot-delights, and, your Department of Satisfaction bubbling over with smokesunshine!"

An Opportunity.

I TRUST that now America has entered the war this gifted writer will have an opportunity to do some American war correspondence. An American friend suggests if he does he will "hit only the high spots in the dictionary."

THE RAMBLER.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR SKIN.

THE strain on the skin is so great nowadays, that the refreshing and rejuvenating help of Ven-Yusa is really necessary to protect and preserve the skin's natural softness and flexibility.

Ven-Yusa has rare oxygen qualities never associated with ordinary face creams, and no woman who takes pride in her appearance should be without a dainty jar of Ven-Yusa on her dressing-table.

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READ MR. BOTTOMLEY'S ARTICLE IN "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"

Daily Mirror

800,000 SURGICAL APPLIANCES.



A stretcher for the trenches, the Association's own patent.



Loading up the royal van yesterday.

Every week a royal van calls at the Surgical Requisites Association's premises in Chelsea to collect for Queen Mary's Needlework Guild. The association has forwarded 800,000 articles to the guild.

LADY BYNG.



The wife of General Sir Julian Byng, who commanded the Canadians at Vimy Ridge.

MRS. CRAVEN.



The new matron of St. Dunstan's annexe. She worked at Verdun during the great battles.

GREAT STRUGGLE FOR THE SOMME CUP.



The New Zealand fifteen executing their war dance before the match. It delighted the spectators.



A throw-out from touch. The game was played at Vincennes for the Somme Cup.



The French team which opposed the overseas soldiers lined up on the ground. All are soldiers.

MILITARY WEDDING YESTERDAY.



Lieutenant-Colonel Laton Frewen, D.S.O., and his bride (Miss Wilmot-Sitwell) leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday.

MESOPOTAMIA DAY TO-DAY.



Miss Maude, daughter of Sir Stanley Maude, who has organised to-day's flag day in aid of her father's troops, at work at her headquarters.